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## The Stetson Collegiate, Vol. 07, No. 02, November, 1896

Stetson University

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# The Stetson Collegiate.

Vol. VIII.

November, 1896.

No. 2



## CONTENTS:



### EDITORIAL.

#### LITERARY.

ATHENS.

A GLIMPSE AT CHAUTAUQUA.

POEM, "MY SWEETHEART."

TEDDISON'S AUROGRAPH.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF FLORIDA.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POVERTY SOCIAL.

THE RHETORICAL EXERCISES.

THE MUSICALE.

THE FORTNIGHTLY.

THE CANTATA

#### ALUMNI NOTES.

NOTES FROM THE LIBRARY.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

EXCHANGE.

# DREKA

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# Stetson Collegiate.

"VERITAS."

VOL. VII.

DELAND, FLORIDA, NOVEMBER, 1896.

NO. 2.

## Stetson Collegiate.

Issued monthly, by the students of John B. Stetson University.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00.  
Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.

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Many of us have admired the prettily enameled, flag-shaped pins of Yale or Cornell. Why shouldn't Stetson have one? There isn't one among us but would be proud to wear it. Just imagine our University colors—white and gold—a more effective combination than any of the others, put into a similar design. Would it not be attractive?

\*\*\*

Some correspondence regarding such a pin has been had, and it seems likely that if the interest shown by the students is sufficient to warrant the making of the die, the pins will be made for us for half a dollar each, perhaps for even less than that if made in a greater number. Shall we have our pin?

\*\*\*

We wish to call the attention of our readers to a new feature of The Collegiate, Notes from the Library and Reading Room. Most of us have so little time to spend in reading magazines that

we often wish we knew the most interesting articles in order to use our time to the best advantage. The column, Notes from the Library and Reading Room, is an attempt to meet this need. In it will be found each month brief notices of the most interesting and valuable articles in the current magazines.

\*\*\*

What has become of our daily bulletin? Every morning when we come from chapel the bulletin board stares us blankly in the face. We want to know what the weather is going to be, what the Cubans are doing, how Mr. Bryan is feeling after his defeat, and a dozen other things that we are too rushed to look up for ourselves. We want our bulletin, we need it, and the one who will restore it to us will be a public benefactor.

\*\*\*

Our library is about to receive a considerable accession of books. An order for about one hundred and fifty volumes has already been sent to a New York dealer. Some may have wondered why more additions have not been made during the past two or three years. It was Mr. Sampson's custom for several years to contribute one thousand dollars annually for the purchase of books. Upon his death, as all our readers probably know, he left to the University for library purposes a sum calculating to yield in perpetuity the annual one thousand dollars. Some time, however, was occupied in the settlement of Mr.

Sampson's estate, and then again some time passed after the legacy was received before interest began to be paid. Meanwhile the library fund was incurring a considerable debt, as several hundred dollars each year was spent by the University for periodicals, for binding, and for the purchase of urgently needed books. Now from the income of the Sampson fund these old obligations have been paid, and it becomes possible to resume the regular purchase of new books. The present purchase consequently is but one of an indefinitely long series made possible by the foresight and liberality of Mr. Sampson. The books ordered at this time are those which have been asked for by members of the faculty as of special value for the work of their several departments, together with works of reference and general literature, selected by the librarian. Among the reference works may be mentioned the great Dictionary of the English Language now being issued by the English Philological Society, the supplementary volumes of Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, later volumes of the Dictionary of National Biography, and Bartlett's Shakespeare Concordance. The list includes some of the most valuable standard works in the departments of History, English, Chemistry, Art, Music, Biblical Literature, and Comparative Grammar.

The library has already received in addition to "Poole's Index,"



the volumes of the "Annual Literary Index" issued since Poole's last supplement. The library also subscribes for the "Cumulative Index," the plan of which is to give each month in one alphabetical arrangement an index of the chief articles that have appeared in its periodicals from the beginning of the year to the date of issue. So for the first time, practically all of our periodical literature is covered by easily accessible indexes.

Among the congressional documents, many important monographs have recently been received. Especially timely is the stout volume giving the proceedings of the last international bimetallic conference.

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The exciting campaign is over. A tremendous majority of the American people approved the gold standard by electing Mr. McKinley for their president.

But the same voters who elected the Ohio man possess the ability to change their verdict of last November at the next presidential election, and will improve their opportunity, if they are disappointed in the administration and believe a change will improve their condition.

Whether or not the defeat of free silver is temporary or permanent will depend upon the official acts of Mr. McKinley during the next four years. If he is ever mindful of the fact, that it was the American people who have honored him, and not the moneyed power, if he does not forget that he is the servant of the masses as well as the classes, if he conscientiously endeavors to impartially promote the interests of every individual in the nation, if he remembers that his election was not an endorsement of a high protective tariff, if he chooses advisers admitted to be friends of the peo-

ple, if he is careful in appointing impartial federal judges, and if he conducts himself in such a manner, that both capital and labor recognize in him a true, honest, patriotic friend, there will be such general contentment and satisfaction among the voters, that a person advocating a reform or change of policy would find but few listeners and a less number of endorsers.

If on the other hand, his administration creates the impression that he is using his official power to express his gratitude for the recent contributions to the campaign fund, discontent will be planted deep in the breast of many honest Americans; discontent, which is the mother of agitators; discontent which may cause free silver to triumph in the presidential election of 1900.

No one doubts that Mr. McKinley possesses the ability to settle the questions arising from our foreign relations; but there is a suspicion that he will endeavor to introduce a high protective tariff; or that he will feel under such obligations to the moneyed classes, that he will be foolish enough to ignore the rights of the others.

It is unnecessary to note the immediate effects of election upon trade and confidence, and it is utterly impossible to make valuable speculations regarding the issues, the political parties in the field, or the probabilities of the result in 1900. It will all depend upon the official attitude assumed by Mr. McKinley, or upon the condition of the country at the time of election.

If the prophesied wave of prosperity follows the election of Mr. McKinley, and remains during his entire administration, there will we believe, be no marked free silver agitation in 1900, or at any time as long as this prosperity exists. The issues as well as the re-

sult of the next presidential campaign will depend upon Mr. McKinley's recognition and fulfillment of his glorious opportunity and solemn responsibility.

#### Athens.

To the classical student, the approach to Athens is thrillingly interesting. Sailing up the Saronic Gulf toward the Piraeus, one can plainly see the city lying in the plain of Attica, with Parnes and Aegaleos, Pentelikon and Hymettos in the background, the Acropolis crowned by the Parthenon, rising clearly into view in front, and the steep point of Lycabettos towering still higher behind it. The modern city is suggested by the broad white expanse of the Royal Palace, though the lesser buildings of the city are out of sight. On every side, island and bay, mountain, valley, and stream teem with historic interest, every name has been made immortal in history or oration or poem, and many have been so wrought into the fabric of modern life that they are household words in every land.

The Piraeus is a bustling modern port, and the ride from here by carriage to Athens is intensely disagreeable on account of the clouds of dust; but one feels a thrill of keenest delight, as, rounding a hill which has concealed them from view, there bursts on his eager sight, the temple-crowned Acropolis, the temple of Theseus in the plain below, beyond the former, the monument of Philopappos, and last, but not least, the Areopagus, the world-famous Mars Hill from which the Apostle to the Gentiles delivered one of the simplest and yet one of the greatest sermons ever preached. The mean houses of the city soon shut off our view, but we are under the spell of Athens—Ancient



Athens—and we are dominated by it until we leave the shores of Greece.

The modern city of Athens compares quite favorably with the other smaller European capitals. It is well supplied with squares and palaces; with Museums of Art and handsome buildings; its principal streets are well paved and fairly clean and its hotels and business blocks are rather bright and showy, though they do not seem very substantial, with the shadow of the Parthenon upon them; but after all the supreme and dominant spirit is that of the past. I could only liken the Acropolis to the giant form of Ancient Athens, towering above the city in lofty and lonely grandeur, somewhat shattered and disheveled by the lapse of centuries, but still vigorous and inspiring, looking down upon the showy but flimsy modern town with supreme contempt, both for its material and spiritual power. Contempt indeed! for what is modern Athens or modern Greece? A pigmy among the nations and depending upon their consent for her very existence! And what was Ancient Athens? No, not Ancient Athens, but the real, the eternal Athens? She was glorious and supreme in both material and spiritual life, and when her material body perished her spirit entered into the life of the race, and exists today, a dominant force, leading mankind into an ever nobler conception of the eternal forms of truth and beauty.

Wherever you wander in Athens, the Acropolis is always coming suddenly into view, as if to rebuke, as shallow and unworthy, your interests in the picturesque costumes, the curious characters, sights, and sounds of a foreign city. Let us ascend the steep, cliff-like hill and come face to face with this awe-inspiring presence. We must climb sheer two hundred feet before we reach the

top of this "rocky plateau of crystalline limestone." Inaccessible on three sides, the Acropolis may be approached from the west by way of the Beule gate, and ascending a steep and irregular staircase, we are soon standing in the magnificent Propylaea, or gateway to the glories of the Acropolis. This "brilliant jewel on the front of the conspicuous rocky coronet" is hardly less beautiful and inspiring than the Parthenon itself, flanked as it is on one side by the charming little temple of Winged Victory. From the platform of the latter we get a splendid view toward the west embracing the bays and islands, the mountains, hills and capes for thirty miles.

But now we pass through the Propylaea and stand face to face with the Parthenon, the most perfect monument of Ancient Art, standing on the very highest part of the plateau and towering above all the monuments which surround it; and though one is literally in a forest of temples and broken columns and statues, yet he is spell-bound by the majesty, the symmetry, and the beauty of the Parthenon. Amid these surroundings one can feel the full power and dignity of Ancient Athens. Here stands a building two hundred twenty-eight feet long, and one hundred one feet broad, with forty-six doric columns thirty-four and a quarter feet high, and six feet three inches in diameter at the base, and though dismantled and disfigured by successive generations of vandals for over two thousand years, it still has a dignity, a refined grace and elegance, a harmony of proportion, that place it as a work of art far above all other buildings of the world.

One might think that here was the culminating experience, the supreme moment of a visit to Ath-

ens, but it was not so for me. Leaving the glorious Parthenon, the beautiful Erechtheion with its charming Caryatides, the imposing and symmetrical Propylaea, and the gem-like temple of Victory, we descended to the bare rocky height, somewhat lower than the Acropolis, called Areopagus or Mars Hill. Here was the culminating experience—standing on the spot where the Great Apostle to the Gentiles had stood and addressed the intellect of Athens! Though the speaker revealed in those pregnant sentences his acquaintance with the current systems of Greek Philosophy, yet he did not enter into metaphysical or philosophical discussion, he went at once to the root of the matter and preached God and Christ and the Resurrection, but the manner of introducing these grand themes constitutes an eternal model for missionary preaching. "What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you." Then with a sweep of his hand toward the temple-crowned and statue-covered Acropolis, he said, "The God that made the world and all things therein, He being Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands," and, "Being then the offspring of God we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and device of man."

Paul preached the immanence of God, the brotherhood of man, the need of repentance in view of judgment, and finally he preached Christ—the Truth. These Greeks had been groping for the truth, and had been trying in their wonderful works of art to reveal truth as beauty, but Paul, the despised Jew, stands in the midst of all their culture, the work of centuries, and reveals in a few majestic sentences that which constituted the real significance and goal of



all their Art and Culture. Here is the most interesting spot in Athens, and here we pause with the striking picture of the Apostle standing on Mars Hill, and overlooking Athens, typifying the tremendous fearlessness and energy, and yet the boundless love and yearning of that religion which was to give meaning to all the past, and to mould the thought and civilization of the future.

#### A Glimpse at Chautauqua.

About fifty miles south of Buffalo, in the extreme southwestern part of the great Empire State, is located beautiful Chautauqua lake. It is said to be the highest navigable body of water on the continent. Three miles from Lake Erie, it is eight hundred feet above it. Its waters are crystal; the breezes which spring from its bosom in summer are delightful; from either side of a twenty miles sweep of shore—for the lake is long and narrow—the panorama of gently sloping hills swathed in green, laid out in prosperous vineyards, orchards and grain fields, and dotted here and there with pretty farm houses and summer homes, is such as to charm the artist's eye and compel the casuist's contentment with all the world, though he remain in ignorance of the cause. We doubt whether the great literary and scientific circle known as Chautauqua could be itself if separated from the lovely lake from which it gets its name. On its southern shore is the famous summer home of this charmed and charming circle. About twenty-five years ago Bishop John H. Vincent became the central figure of this movement. It has made him internationally famous. Europe, Asia, and Australia have now Chautauquas of their own. America has hundreds of them. All of them are proud

to trace their origin to, and get their inspiration from, the great assembly of western New York. There are more than 50,000 graduates of the original circle. Think of what that means! Four years are required for graduation; and five books a year are read by each graduate; this gives a grand total of 1,000,000 books, of a highly literary or scientific character, which have been studied by this circle in the last eighteen years. Old men and women of seventy and eighty and youths and maidens of sixteen are among the graduates.

Aside from this literary and scientific circle, Chautauqua has a summer school of Arts and Sciences and a Lecture Course that has no equal. At the head of the former is Dr. Wm. R. Harper, the gifted and laborious former and president of Chicago University. While there are no advanced courses offered in the Chautauqua school, it goes without saying that thorough work is done. Here one may, it is claimed, do the work of six months in three. And this appears quite possible to the student who recites three times each day. During the last summer there were something over eight hundred matriculates at this school. Every matriculate pays five dollars. The professors, we understand, receive no pay.

"The lecture platform of Chautauqua is the tallest and broadest of the world," once remarked Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago. This is probably true. No man is too great for it; most men are too small for it. Only those who have really achieved much in thought or deed are permitted to occupy it. That is the rule. Mistakes have been made, and many poor things are said from it every year. But the wise and good predominate. This could hardly be otherwise when wise men, with considerable money at their command, select

the lecturers and otherwise protect its reputation. To lecture once from this platform frequently makes a reputation, sometimes to be proud of, sometimes to be ashamed of—depending, of course, upon the manner in which the lecture is received. For, although a Chautauqua audience seeks to be polite, many privileges are reserved. One of them is that of leaving an audience whenever what is being said is not heard or does not suit the auditor. That there is sometimes quite a stampede is not, therefore, surprising. The writer has seen this more than once. Consequently, to lecture at Chautauqua is not always plain sailing. The lecturer must have something good—especially something thoughtful—to say; and he must say it in a way to be heard. Nor is it always easy to do this. For an amphitheatre audience frequently numbers from 8,000 to 10,000. As this immense crowd is practically out of doors, a good voice and clear utterance on the part of the speaker is a necessity.

An average day at Chautauqua to one unencumbered with studies, is somewhat as follows: At 8 o'clock college prayers would be held, at which some good preacher or professor from one of the leading universities of the country would preside and give a short address. At 9 o'clock, the great choir of 500 trained voices would meet in the amphitheatre. At 10 o'clock are devotional services, at which an address would be made by Bishop Vincent. From eleven to twelve Prof. James, of Harvard University, would lecture in the Hall upon some phase of psychology; at the same hour, in the amphitheatre, Prof. McClintock, of Chicago University, would lecture upon some question of English style or some phase of English literature. At 2 o'clock, Prof.



Wilder, of the University of Wisconsin, would lecture in the Hall upon the Growth of Great Cities. At 3 o'clock one would have his choice between a base ball game at the ball grounds, or a lecture by some professor of Yale, or Harvard, or Chicago, or Dr. Aked, of Liverpool. At 4 o'clock would be a grand concert under the direction of the distinguished Dr. Palmer, of New York. One would now have the pleasure of hearing the great choir, assisted by specialists and a large orchestra, render Stabat Mater or some other great oratorio. Along with this would be specialties from Marie Decca, Whitney Tew, Mr. Sherwood, a really great pianist, and Mr. Listeman, the distinguished violinist. In the evening, at least 10,000 people would crowd into the amphitheatre to hear Mr. Leland Powers read Lord Chumley. At 10 o'clock the chimes would ring out, and one would retire in order to get rest enough for quite as full a day on the morrow. For I have described only an average day. The morrow, however, will bring us a complete change of program. At Chautauqua great men come and go. Today we are charmed by them; tomorrow they are gone, and others have taken their places. C. S. Farriss.

### My Sweetheart.

Would you see my sweetheart dear?

In the azure of her eyes,  
Heaven's own blue reflected lies,  
As some lakelet, crystal clear,  
Holds the image of the skies

Sometimes I can look so deep,  
Into them, I seem to know  
All her soul as pure as snow:  
Sometimes there with dance and leap  
Laughter sparkles come and go

Four long summer-times have poured  
On her head their sunshine gold,  
All her locks the sunbeams hold  
Every smile reveals a hoard  
Of the hidden wealth untold.

Dainty little slippered feet  
Making music on the floor,  
Busy brain all brimming o'er  
With her fancies, quaint and sweet;  
Hands with dimples half a score.

Rosebud mouth you long to kiss,  
If her favor you receive  
She will let you, then believe  
There is none so sweet as this—  
This my sweetheart Genevieve.

### Teddison's Aurograph.

(With apologies to the Scientific American.)

It was blue Monday. Things had been "at sixes and sevens" all day, and the editor of the Collegiate was almost crazy. The printers had sent up word that the "copy" was "shy" three columns, and the deficit must be made up at once. Dropping my work in the chemistry room, I hastened to the Collegiate office, and sat down to write something, anything to fill that awful void. But I was not to write in peace. Some of my friends dropped in for a friendly chat, and put to flight the few ideas I possessed. It was not until school had closed that the last one left me, and I turned for a moment's rest before resuming my work. I must have been nearly asleep, when another knock startled me, and in answer to my summons a stranger appeared. He was a nice, dapper little fellow, and proceeded at once to make his business known.

"Excuse me, madam, I know you are very busy, but I should like to have you turn your attention for a few moments to the greatest invention of the century. In this small box I have the wonderful aurograph. Without wearying you with a scientific explanation of its component parts, I will simply say that it is an instrument by means of which you may hear words or sounds produced at a distance. The sound is transmitted to this receiver by means of

V rays. These rays, generated by the action of Hcu on F O 2 L, are to the hearing what X rays are to the sight. They are completely controlled by the will of the operator. This little indicator determines the direction of the rays. When turned to the letter R it enables you to hear whatever sounds are in a given place. When turned to P, to hear what is said by any given person. You can thus hear words spoken by any person no matter whether you know where he is or not."

Seeing that I was perfectly incredulous, he continued: "You see that colored man down there on the lawn talking to those boys? Place your ear at the receiver, turn the indicator, and you will hear the conversation."

Out of curiosity I followed his instructions. The instrument began to buzz like a phonograph, and then I heard voices. "How are you feeling to-day, Massa, Louis?" and the answer, "I am feeling nicely, thank you, nice, nice, nice."

Seeing by my pleased expression that the instrument was working well, he asked me to move the indicator to the other limit, and fix my thoughts on some particular place. A happy thought struck me. The faculty were holding their regular meeting down stairs. I would turn the instrument upon them, and thus be a visitor at their mysterious meeting. I do not feel at liberty to disclose all that I heard, but if you will keep it a secret, I will tell you part of it. It was voted to give three days vacation at Thanksgiving, and two days for the celebration of Washington's birthday. After the first of January the young ladies were to be allowed to go to church with the young gentlemen Sunday evenings.

Convinced of its powers at short



range, I determined to see what the machine could do at a distance. Fixing my thoughts on one of our friends who is now in Chicago, I first heard some one laugh, and then a familiar voice saying, "Yes, that is pretty good. It reminds me of a story I once heard about a bunch of bananas." Then there was a sound of fleeing footsteps, a slamming door, and all was still again.

Having thus tested the instrument thoroughly, I listened for a few moments to the agent. "We are selling immense quantities of these machines. Our first sales were made to the transatlantic steamboat companies who were thus enabled to hold daily conversations with the captains of their various ships wherever they happened to be. The newspapers are all supplied with them. By this means they can gather news more quickly and accurately than by reporters. They get many items which a reporter could not get, and are invaluable as a means of collecting material for sensational articles. Jealous wives are buying them to keep track of their husbands. Separated lovers hold conversations with them. Detectives use them in locating criminals and unearthing plots. In short, they are of value in a thousand ways. Will you take the agency for the University on a commission of forty per cent?"

I accepted his terms at once, and after receiving a few necessary instructions, hastened to supper. Despatching a hasty meal I set out to make some sales. Going first to Chaudoin Hall, I found the lady principal and explained the invention to her. "Just the thing I have been wishing for. It will save me so many steps. I was on the point of going upstairs to see if Miss — was studying in her own room, when you arrived." Adjusting the instrument, she

heard the following, "Goodness! I hope I won't get caught in here, I couldn't go to social hour for a week. If I hear a noise I will hide in the closet. I got a letter from — to-night he—"

She closed the machine, wrote me a check, and took her way to the upper regions.

The master of Stetson Hall secured one that he might keep in closer contact with his dear boys. A member of the Golden Rod Club bought one for the club, so that they could hear the plays produced at the northern theatres. By this means they hoped to lessen the irksomeness of the long study hours. One young man whose name shall be kept "sub rosa" purchased two of them. His plan was to hold regular conversations with a friend (gentleman) who was some distance away. Several young men bought them that they might hear what the girls in Chaudoin were saying about them. The University bought one to detect any disturbance in the chicken coop. And even the art teacher bought one. He thought he could get a better tone to his views of the ocean, if he could only hear the roar of the surf as he worked in the studio.

I made so many sales that my head began to swim. My fortune seemed secured. With a light heart I started home thinking of the various uses to which I would put my wealth. As I passed DeLand Hall a dark figure stepped from behind a tree, and roughly seized me. I gave a terrible shriek, and wrenched myself loose. I fell forward and—awoke. The shades of night were falling around Elizabeth Hall, and the janitor was at the door asking me if I intended to spend the night there.

Tacitus.

#### The Wild Flowers of Florida.

The mission of flowers is cer-

tainly an important one. Any man whose mind and heart are open to helpful influences cannot fail to get good from them; many sad hearts are cheered and many happy hearts made happier by these messengers of hope and love. Beyond the color and perfume of the flower there is a deeper meaning pointing upward to the goodness and love and purity of the Maker. No one in Florida needs to be without the helpful influence of flowers, for even if he cannot have cultivated flowers there are many wild ones almost at his door.

Among the earliest of the spring wild flowers are the blue violets. Some of these are very dark blue and others so light as to be nearly white. Close beside the violets the small yellow stars of the sandflower shine out among the grass. In places where the ground has been burned over beautiful, little white lilies spring up, the daintiest and prettiest flowers that can be imagined. In the forests among the dark old trees, a bush grows up hanging out its clusters of strange, white flowers, which have a wonderful fascination for the children. They call it old man's beard. How beautiful the dog-wood trees look, loaded with their wealth of white flowers. Then there is the yellow jessamine draping itself over everything and filling all the air around with perfume. Again what could be more beautiful than a wild plum tree in full bloom? It is a bouquet fit for the queen of the giants. There, too, are the strange Indian pipes, growing up all colorless out of the leaf mold.

The most glorious of the summer flowers are, perhaps, the red tiger lilies which grow in damp places. Near the lilies are often found the bright yellow dwarf sunflowers. Beside the river banks the trumpet creepers grow, running over the palmetto trees and



## Miscellaneous.

### The Poverty Social.

dropping their bright red trumpets into the water. Growing also in damp places may be found a very sweet-scented pink orchid, and a bright purple one. There is a pretty vine climbing beside the water that bears small bunches of dark red flowers. These have almost the scent of English violets. The flowers of the saw palmetto are also very sweet-scented.

The fall flowers are the most brilliant among the blossoms of the year. The spring and summer flowers have to be sought for in special places, but the fall flowers are scattered in profusion over all the country. If you walk through the woods in the autumn you must pass through acres and acres of wild oats, which are nearly up to your head. Then there are the wild aster bushes that are covered with small, dainty, bluish-white flowers. Sweet fennel grows beside all the fences, and loads the air with fragrance. There is a little vine that carpets the ground in places which has leaves somewhat like ivy, and in the fall little clusters of lilac flowers come out all along the stem. The most beautiful sky blue color is found in a little grass flower that opens early in the morning and closes at night.

In winter there are fewer wild flowers. The prettiest are the white violets that grow near springs, and the most plentiful are the little yellow flowers that grow everywhere, and bloom all the time.

Many other wild flowers might be mentioned, many beautiful little plants that spring up and are scarcely noticed. Florida has lost her orange groves for a while, but she is still the land of flowers and sunsets.

A trolly plow has been invented. This is said to wind up the horse's career of usefulness.

There was, perhaps, no jollier party in all Florida, the last night in October, than that which gathered in the gymnasium for a grand Hallowe'en frolic, in the shape of a "poverty social."

The very room itself, had put aside its everyday sombre aspect, and mysteriously bloomed forth from wall and rafter with fresh green palmetto leaves and spicy pine boughs; while the horizontal bars and other instruments of torture, lent themselves to the graceful twinings of loops of soft gray moss. Pretty, brighteyed, yellow flowers stood in jars and pitchers, and over all fell a dim half-light, which added a gentle weirdness to the scene.

At seven o'clock a select company of strange looking guests thronged through the open doors, and went through the evolutions of a grand march, to a lively tune from the piano. Never was such a collection of rags, tatters, and patch upon patch, seen anywhere within the pale of civilization, as were then brought to light.

First in the brilliant train, came Mr. Rosa, one of our sprucest and most revered professors, clad in raiment which passes the pen of man to describe. Where he got it, we would not presume to guess, but he must have sat up many weary nights reading our best works on "costumes of eminent rag pickers and noted tramps of the day." We would advise all would-be future competitors to consult the same works, as he carried off the prize—a handsome doll.

Beside him, in pretty contrast walked Miss Carter, looking so much like a charming country milkmaid, in her red gown and

tucked-up sleeves, that we almost imagined ourselves transported far away to rural scenes.

Mr. Thrasher and Mr. Norwood must have caused a bad drain on DeLand rag-bags, but we will admit, the patches were most artistically applied, and we commend the industry and zeal which must have been required to get them placed at a properly penurious angle.

Mrs. Hogan, clad in the costume of an elderly thirty-second cousin, bobbed about making ancient courtesies, with as much grace and agility as though supplied with an automatic spring in each joint. Needless to say, she was the worthy captor of another prize, in the shape of an exquisite little toy cart, beautifully done in Pompeian red, with an artistically executed handle.

Quite an air of the supernatural was contributed to the scene, when Miss Robertson, dressed as a witch, glided into the room on the proverbial broom stick, which we profanely thought, appeared to have been used for sweeping far less dainty things than "cob webs out of the sky." So favorably did her appearance compare with the images called up by the witch stories of our childhood, that we most instinctively looked for the boiling cauldron or the pot of simmering toads, as she disappeared inside her improvised inferno. More than once we were attracted by a sizable pair of boots protruding from these curtained regions, and on peering through a crack to learn the cause, beheld some trembling mortal kneeling low in the darkness, mopping the perspiration from his brow, while his future lot was meted out to him.

Tripping about the room here, there and everywhere, seeing that all went well, was Miss Brown, transformed by a modest, little,



white frock, and long, yellow, braids hanging from beneath a pretty, blue sun bonnet, from a sedate instructress, to a very picturesque young school girl.

Others among the motley throng, too numerous to detail, were a pair of street musicians, a fraulein who might have been imported straight from the Fatherland, a newsboy who vigorously cried his wares, and a boot black with such a pretty face and rosy smile that he almost made the ladies wish their shoes might be blacked by just such a kneeling devotee of the black art.

The crowning feature of the evening was a "cake walk," in which Mr. Bell distinguished himself by a series of gyrations, graceful and otherwise, which, we think would have been rapturously received by Mr. Darwin, could he have been present, as additional argument in favor of his pet theory. Mr. Bell deservedly received for his pains a most toothsome-looking chocolate cake, which he and his partner, Miss Mixson, halved, and bore off to their respective dormitories in triumph.

After playing games, bobbing for apples, sitting around in groups singing college songs in soft mellifluous tones well punctuated with peanuts and chestnuts, and going the usual round of Hallowe'en tricks, the party began—not to yawn, but to think with tender solicitude of the downy beds awaiting them. So when the hands of the clock were fast drawing near to the hour of eleven, the sounds of reveling ceased, the merry throng vanished, the lights went out, and the old gym was left, like some "banquet hall deserted," wrapped in the silence and the shadows of the "stilly night."

It is the active Christian, who is the growing Christian."

### Rhetorical Exercises.

#### PROGRAM.

1. PIANO SOLO.....Miss Ferran.  
a) Nocturne—Seiss.  
b) Air de ballet—Deyo
2. ESSAY.—Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Stowe.....  
Miss Sexton
3. RECITATION.—"Travelling by Canal Boat.".....  
Miss McKinney
4. ESSAY—"Uncle Tom's Cabin".....  
Mr. Howard
5. RECITATION—"Laughin' in Meetin'.....  
Mr. Tylander.
6. ESSAY—Harriet Beecher Stowe as a Woman.....  
Miss Broome
7. VOCAL SOLO—"Come unto Me".....  
.....Hawley  
Miss Enslow
8. ESSAY—"Old Town Folks.".....  
Miss Stringer.
9. RECITATION.—Scene from "Old Town Folks.—Sam Lawson, the village Do-nothing, mends a clock for the Badgers.....  
Miss Null. Mr. Lewton.
10. RECITATION.—"The Minister's Housekeeper.".....  
Miss Forbes.
11. PIANO SOLO—"La Naiade".....Thome.  
Miss Jones

### The Musicales.

On Saturday morning Nov. 14, Miss Carter's pupils gave an informal musical in her music room in DeLand Hall. The room was tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums, in the Stetson colors, yellow and white.

By special request, at the close of the regular program, Miss Carter sang twice. Her singing was an inspiration to every one present. Each pupil wondered whether she would ever attain such results, and resolved to practice with renewed energy. The long uphill road of do, re, me's seemed to shorten and brighten with such a goal in view!

After the program, owing to Miss Carter's thoughtfulness, delicious refreshments were served,

and the little company scattered in groups of two's and three's to enjoy a pleasant chat.

### The Fortnightly.

According to immemorial custom, the Fortnightly held its first meeting at Mrs. Forbes'. The house was beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and the tables were a dream of roses. The meeting was called to order by the former president, Rev. John McKinney. After the election of officers in which according to another immemorial custom the former officers were re-elected, there followed a discussion concerning the work of the coming year. Sociology, Economics, Emerson, Shakespeare, Browning and comparative study of the Guenevere, Alecestis, and Prometheus stories were some of the topics suggested. Finally the club voted to take up the study of Sociology and Shakespeare. The president then appointed as a committee to arrange the work for the year, Professor Carson, Professor Gordis and Miss Brown. After a song by Miss Carter, the company sat down to a dainty lunch served in Mrs. Forbes' own delightful fashion.

The meeting was rendered doubly enjoyable by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Stetson.

### The Cantata.

On Thanksgiving evening a cantata entitled "A Dress Rehearsal," was given in the gymnasium under the supervision of Miss Brown and Miss Carter.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Miss Jones, Principal of Grove House Academy.....Miss Ferran  
Mademoiselle Epinard, French Governess.....Miss Vasant  
Amy Fibbs, afterwards Cinderella,.....Miss Forbes  
Clara Wilkins, afterwards the Prince.....Miss Meyer  
Sarah Ann, the greedy girl, Miss McCoy



## STETSON COLLEGIATE.

Sophonisba Spivins, the romantic girl.....Miss Thompson  
 Martha Higgins (spiteful) Miss Enslow  
 Carry Jackson (sisters) Miss Estes  
 Miss Jarvey, elocution teacher,  
 .....Miss Sharp  
 Miss Prudence Pinchbeck, a visitor,  
 .....Miss Scott  
 Rosa Jennings, afterward fairy god-  
 mother.....Miss Ilen  
 Servant.....Miss Krewson  
 Scene—Grove House Academy.

The story of this little musical play is simple. In the first scene we are introduced to the school-room of Grove House Academy, of which Miss Jones is the lady principal, and Mademoiselle Epinard is the French teacher. It is proposed to wind up the term by a grand party and supper, an additional entertainment—being a charade, which, in the hands of the merry girls, becomes a burlesque imitation of "Cinderella." Mrs. Jarvey, a retired actress, and now a teacher of elocution, is called in to train the pupils in their parts. She, at first, demurs, as the present play is some miles below "Shakespeare," but finally consents, and enters into the matter quite heartily.

Miss Fibbs now enters, to begin the rehearsal. She is arrayed as Cinderella, and is reciting very well, when she is interrupted by a visitor, Miss Prudence Pinchbeck, who takes the strange object for a real "poor pupil," who is being starved, and otherwise ill-treated by the principal. Under this impression, she hurries away to obtain assistance, perhaps from the police.

In the meantime, the play progresses with many absurd interruptions by Sarah Ann, who is always eating; by Sophonisba Spivins, who is greatly excited over a novel she is reading, and by Miss Jones and the French lady, who do not quite understand what it is all about. Finally, Miss Prudence Pinchbeck returns, intending to arrest the principal, and free poor, starved Cinderella. The

whole thing is then explained, and the Dress Rehearsal is considered a success.

Miss Ferran, as Miss Jones, was a typical lady principal of a private girls' boarding school. She was very effective with her prim carriage, aristocratic white hair, surmounted by a dainty cap, her elegant black dress, with its snowy fishu and her supercilious eye glasses. The novel reader, Miss Thompson, who was constantly dissolving into tears, and arousing first the sympathy, then the indignation of the school by her sobs over heroes in penny paper numbers, made a decided hit. The acting of Miss McCoy as the greedy girl was especially good. The audience, convulsed with laughter by her antics, saw with horrified amazement one apple after another disappear, followed by unnumbered jumbles and at last by an enormous bun. Miss McCoy may have a natural aptitude for the character, at least, her acting was inimitable. Miss Vansant made a perfect little French teacher. Her acting in her song on true love (the love of yourself) was especially taking. Miss Sharp was peculiarly adapted to the role of Mrs. Jarvey. As the "first Lady Macbeth in the country," she was, of course, entirely at home on the stage. Miss Scott, as a maiden aunt, with her strong-minded ideas but sympathetic heart, was one of the strongest characters in the play. Miss Meyer was a veritable Prince charming who made love very prettily, in spite of his assertion that he knew nothing about such things. The audience were held in breathless attention waiting to learn whether Miss Allen, as fairy god-mother, really was coming "down the flue," as she threatened. They were perhaps relieved to find that she advanced upon the stage by the ordinary means of locomotion, only

assisted by the small magic wand with which she was to work her charms upon the fair Cinderella. Her costume of short red gown, high pointed cap and long black cloak was very picturesque and appropriate, and proved with her spirited impersonation of her assumed character quite an effective feature of the play. The part of the spiteful sisters, a study in meanness and overbearance, was well rendered by Miss Enslow and Miss Estes. We expect that "Oh! you aggravating thing," will be a by-word for the rest of the year. Cinderella, the star, was equally bewitching in rags and ball-room gown. Her songs were perhaps the most taking feature of the evening.

The orchestra, composed of Miss Robertson, Mrs. Sharp, Miss Webster and Prof. Sharp added greatly to the entertainment.

The manner in which the cantata was rendered was especially creditable as the girls, with but one or two exceptions, are just beginning dramatic and vocal work.

### Alumni Notes.

Those of us who were here two years ago have pleasant recollections of the Misses Paine, three sisters, who came to the University from Minnesota. Word has been received that Avis, the eldest, is dead. Last summer she caught a severe cold which settling on her lungs, developed a case of quick consumption. An attempt was made to bring her south. At Thomasville, Ga., it was thought best to wait and rest, and there, on the fifth of this month, she died. Avis was a lovely girl. Her disposition and manner were particularly pleasing and winning. The memory of her sweet, smiling face and gentle



ways is the one touch of light amid the sombre thoughts which come with the news of her early and seeming, untimely death. It makes us heart-sick to think of the tearful loneliness of the bereft sisters. We remember how devoted they were. May the pitying God lead them to know that the darkness of affliction is also the shadow of His wings. May the cords which he binds about our hearts draw us closer to Himself, and nearer to those who have gone over to the "gladsome fields."

Miss Grace Stoddard, '94, who has gone to take the place resigned by Miss Codrington as teacher of the public school at Saulsville, says that she finds her school-work very enjoyable.

Miss Carrie Gregg, '90, is home-maker and housekeeper for her father at Citra, Fla.

Miss Lottie Eccles, '96, speaks enthusiastically of the pleasure that she finds in teaching.

Miss Nellie M. Day, '91, is teaching near Lakeland. As she opened her school in July, she will finish the term in a few weeks, and then return to her home in Bartow.

Mr. Robert Lovell, '93, who has for some months been preaching at Miami, came up to attend the Baptist Association at Lake Helen. He gladdened his University friends by occupying his old place in chapel for a few mornings.

Mr. Harry Webb, '95, is rail-roading in Illinois. His mother has just paid him a visit at his headquarters in Chicago.

The many friends of Miss Josephine Lindley, '88, will rejoice to know that she is recovering from her long and severe illness.

Miss Minnie Mendell, '93, is in Boston, still pursuing her course in dentistry.

Mrs. Mattie Willison, '88, has removed from DeLand to Daytona.

Miss Viola Erhart, '94, has joined the ranks of the school teachers, and finds her field of labor at Glenwood.

Miss Juna Robinson, '89, has returned from a trip to the north and is again at her home in Sanford.

For the teachers attending the Volusia County Teacher's Association, Thanksgiving Day closed with a pleasant reception at the home of Miss Harriet Lynch, '93.

Miss Lydia Willatowski, '94, came home to spend Thanksgiving Day and to attend the Teachers' Association.

Miss Carrie B. Eccles, '92, read a paper on "Primary Reading" before the Teachers' Association. Miss Lynch, '93, prepared a paper on "The Imprisoned Angel." Miss Mary Owen, '90, assisted in the musical part of the program.

#### Notes From the Library and Reading Room.

How much like children we all are, even those of us who no longer like to be called children! How much more eager we are to turn over the pages of a new magazine if we find a lot of pictures! For lack of these pictures the substantial, modest conservative "Atlantic Monthly" appearing twelve times in the year in the same yellow dress and never indulging in sensational headings, or any such undignified conduct, is, we fear, often neglected. In looking over the December number for some article especially deserving attention we are tempted to transcribe the whole table of contents.

First comes E. L. Godkin's article on "Social Classes in the Republic." The writer discusses various suggestions for accomplish-

ing a more equitable distribution of the products of labor. He concludes that any feasible method other than the present one of competition would involve slavery to a good part of a community and the removal of present incentives to industry and efficiency. Man's condition has been gradually improving, and future improvement is to be sought rather from the gradual improvement of character than from any revolutionary change in the structure of society.

### *Local and Personal.*

Miss Florence Allen has returned to DeLand to spend the winter. All welcome her gladly.

The rehearsals for the Cantata have been greatly enjoyed by the participants, as they afforded a great deal of amusement.

The "Fortnightly" held its first meeting on Thursday evening, Nov. 19th, at the home of Dr. Forbes.

On Nov. 19th, in the most mysterious cell in Quality Row, a feast was held. Only seven were benefited by this "Fortnightly" meeting.

Miss Ferran paid a short visit to her parents in Eustis last week.

Miss Dickerson has been having a siege with book-worms in the library. They have marred the bindings of a number of volumes and would have done a great deal of damage, but for the timely discovery.

Saturday night, Nov. 21, a few lodgers in "Quality Row" were awakened from their dreams by sweet strains of music floating heavenward, which however, came to a halt at the second story. This serenade was enjoyed more than any yet given to the occupants of Chaudoin Hall.

Recently a great deal of amusement was created in the fourth year English class by the conclusion of an essay, "Progress in Boat Building." It ran thus: "As the boy is father to the man, so a man astride a log in a river is



father to the complicated and perfected ocean steamship "St. Paul."

Mr. Geo. M. Powell's visit to DeLand has been indefinitely postponed.

Miss Minnie Meyer expects to spend the holidays at her home in Jacksonville.

Miss Ferran and brother will spend the holidays with their parents in Eustis.

All of the faculty partook of their Thanksgiving dinner at Chaudoin Hall.

Mrs. Stetson paid Miss Catherine Walker a very pleasant call, Friday, Nov. 20th.

Misses Enslow and Estes will spend the Christmas holidays with their parents in St. Augustine.

Mr. J. A. Enslow, Jr., spent Sunday, Nov. 22d with his daughter, Miss Anna, at Chaudoin Hall.

A great improvement is noticed in the studio work of the pupils under the instruction of Prof. Sharp.

On Thanksgiving morning Miss Schreuder chaperoned a party of girls on a carriage ride to DeLeon Springs.

Miss Amy Vansant will spend the Christmas holidays with Miss Margie Stringer at her home in Brooksville, Fla.

Mrs. Geo. P. Carson expects to spend the coming month in Jacksonville, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Powell.

Miss Dickerson and Miss Shreuder entertained a few friends in "Chaudoin Hall Cafe" with an oyster supper, Nov. 18th.

Miss Sexton's birthday was pleasantly remembered by the teachers and girls at table No. 3, Thursday evening, Nov. 19th.

A number of students of Chaudoin and Stetson Halls, enjoyed a delightful bicycle ride under the chaperonage of Miss Ober, Thanksgiving Day.

A joyous time was spent by a few friends of Miss Vansant, on her birthday, Nov. 14th. She entertained them with a "spread," which she received from her home in Camden, Pa.

The class in Livy are progressing. They have landed the elephants.

Prof. Farriss has for a second time commenced to give private lessons in Greek.

The silver and gold basket-ball game in the afternoon of Nov. 3, resulted in a tie.

Ask Mr. Day what he believes about the last subject debated in the Literary Society.

In the absence of the pastor, Prof. Gordis preached at the Baptist church last Sunday.

One of the inmates of Stetson Hall was the happy recipient of a box of oranges some time ago.

Prof. Sharpe has recently made a water-color sketch of a bunch of Mrs. Forbes' gorgeous chrysanthemums.

On election day the students held a mock election, voting simply for gold and silver. Gold won by 48 to 24.

Mr. Ferran made a run to his home at Eustis, not long since, on a bicycle. He reported a very pleasant time.

It is rumored that the bicycle track is to be laid with cement in the near future. It is to be hoped that the rumor is well founded.

The Happy Family, consisting of a rabbit, wild-cat, and rattlesnake, is attracting much attention in the laboratory at present.

The athletic goods have arrived, and the tennis courts have been put in excellent shape. Tennis and base-ball are the popular sports at present.

The class of '98" has been organized, with Mr. Mann, president; Mr. Murray Edwards, vice-president; Miss Geiger, secretary, and Miss Broome, treasurer.

Mrs. Michaels, who was a student here two winters ago, and resides in Kankakee, Illinois, is the happy mother of a baby boy, born on election day, Nov. 3.

Prof. Rosa was seized a few days ago by a violent bicycle fever for which he could find no effectual remedy except a bicycle, which he immediately purchased.

We would give a penny for Mr. Mann's thoughts when he rode in on his wheel with a can of slimy water slung over his shoulder. We imagine he felt like a martyr to Biology.

We would advise all those having "loose screws" to apply to Miss Brown, who has a monkey-wrench warranted to tighten any screw.

A number of young men have been in training for some time for the bicycle races at Jacksonville and Daytona. The best time so far is a five mile run in 12.30 made by Mr. Bond.

The orchestra was a great addition to the Cantata given Thanksgiving. Many thanks are due Miss Robertson, Mrs. Sharp, Prof. Sharp, and Miss Daisy Webster, for their assistance.

For music of all kinds, (and patience-cultivating qualities), whistled or sung, played on a harp, tin horn or banjo, apply to Liberty Hall Music Co. Mr. Barelle, president; Mr. Howard, vice-president; Mr. Black, secretary.

The Wiggle Waggle and Dusty Sam Walking Club have started off with a furor which we fear will not last. One beautiful moonlight night not long ago, the entire membership walked to Orange City and back after half past nine o'clock.

The most exciting race of the season was run by Messrs. Bond and Morris on a tandem and Mr. H. Self on a bicycle, Nov. 20. The race was a mile, and resulted in a victory for the tandem of about fifty feet. Time was kept on the last quarter only, which was made by the victors in 26 2-5 seconds.

Mr. Norwood served a most excellent cake to a host of his friends in Liberty Hall, Oct. 3. It was the occasion of his—well, really, we have forgotten whether it was his eighteenth or nineteenth birthday. At any rate, all thoroughly enjoyed the cake and unanimously voted Mr. Norwood their thanks.

Dr. Forbes' chapel talks thus far have been unusually good. Special mention deserves to be made of the one concerning the use of tobacco in which he showed from the statistics made by eminent physicians that non-users have an advantage of an astonishingly large percentage over habitual users, in growth, weight, and general physical strength.



## Exchange Items.

Many of our exchanges which are well gotten up, and which are no doubt interesting to those at home, contain nothing of special interest to other colleges. In general this is what may be expected, yet we should strive to have in our college journals something, at least, of such solid merit that it will be both interesting and helpful to our neighbors and the world at large.

Quite a number of our college papers seem to have taken a lively interest in the late election. We do not regret to see this, for it shows a deep interest in the welfare of our country. The atmosphere of our colleges should be filled with love for our native land and good-will to our fellows. Not that our colleges should be leaders in party politics, but leaders in the best and truest thought for the welfare of the entire people.

If a young man's name does not appear on the list of standings to be read after the final examination day, he understands what that means; so if nothing is seen in these columns from your journal it will mean one of two things; either that you did not "get there," or, if you did, that we have not as yet discovered it.

William J. Bryan is a graduate of the University of Illinois, class of '81.

An Irishman, lately landed, was taken to see the Cathedral. As he entered the magnificent building, bewildered by its beauty, he turned to his companion and said, "Phwy, Moike, it bates the divil." "That's the intintion, Pat."—Ex.

If there is one thing that is indispensable to a student's success and happiness at college, it is the possession of immovable integrity,

honor and fidelity to every agreement entered into by him. The possessor of these is the one that commands respect, esteem and confidence, and stands elevated in the estimation of the students as well as instructors.—St. Johns Collegian.

Daniel Webster says: "Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained, true and worthy motives are to be inspired, a profound religious feeling is to be instilled and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances; all this is comprised in education."

One of our exchanges speaks as follows: "A college paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience, and the printer the money—if there is any."

Lady Doctor (young and fair) "Please turn your head a little."

Masculine Patient—"Ah! dear, you have already turned it."—Ex.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other, that they haven't any business.—Spectator.

Read "Up Fool's Hill" by Dr. Gambrell. It will be found in the Texas Baptist Standard of December 5, '95, or in the Georgian for November '96.

College life is not a monastic life spent over books with an occasional foot-ball spree to lend it spice. The college is a miniature of the larger world outside. In it we have the Y. M. C. A., which stands as our religious organization, we have our publications, we have our literary societies, which stand for parliamentary bodies, we have other organizations, political and social. These need your support and you need the benefits which accrue from them. More

leaders are wanted, more faithful followers. There is a place at the front which is open to each one of you. Things are not as you would have them. The school and the organizations are not in many points as you would wish. But how is it with you, have you done your utmost to uplift things to your ideal? Wanted are men who will shut their lips to idle gossip, who will take courage from defeat and push doggedly on until they attain their desired end.

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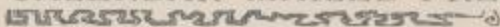
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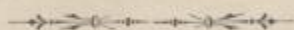
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